

HUNTING WILD HOGS.

AN EPISODE ON SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

How Two Tenderloin Were Taken In—The Tables Turned and the Hunters Tired by an Angry Coar-Equus-Sulpho Bagging.

A California Incident.

"Bagging snipe" has been the favorite means of beguiling tenderloin in every California town for many years, says the San Francisco Chronicle. It would seem as if this "sell" ought to have become so familiar by this time that no one would be so foolish as to be taken in by it. But nevertheless it affords a regular source of amusement, and from one end of the State to the other the traveler is sure to hear some sniping expedition discussed with many a thicker and gigger at the expense of the poor devil who may have passed half the night in some isolated spot, patiently watching the sack, keeping the candle burning or occasionally whistling; in order, as he has been solemnly assured, to attract the wary birds toward the trap.

But who ever heard of hunting wild hogs as a means of assisting in conferring the necessary degree of induration upon the pedal extremities of some fresh arrival on the coast? It was on Santa Cruz Island, that lovely stretch of mountain and valley off the Santa Barbara coast, that the

writer detected the fact that for some reason the expedition seemed a source of considerable quiet mirth. There was a good deal of sly rib-punching and snickering, and a very few minutes sufficed to convince him that the hunting expedition was only a variation of the snipe trick. However, it would never do to flunk in the presence of such a crowd, so the remarkably snipe preparations were quickly made and the three hunters set out on foot. The supposition that firearms were to be used was negatived. "Oh, no, we never use anything but lances," So guns and pistols were left, and singularly enough, when the lances were searched for only one could be found, and this, of course, was taken possession of by the leader of the party. The proposition to take saddle horses was also submitted and vetoed as not being the regular thing at all.

Finally, amid the half-concealed grins of the bystanders, the little party started. The trail led up the main valley for a couple of miles, then turned into a narrow canyon and plunged into the hills. The canyon was thickly covered with brush and timber and progress was slow. The trail was only a stock path, and it wound in and out through the chaparral in the most tortuous manner.

At last the lance-bearer announced that a locality had been reached where it might reasonably be expected to meet wild hogs, and now strict silence and great watchfulness were necessary. Not a word was spoken, and care was taken to make the least possible noise in walking. Occasionally a rustling in

had been caught in his own trap and was, figuratively as well as literally, up the same tree as his victims.

It was late in the afternoon before his horshipp was induced by the friendly squeals of his harem to disappear in the surrounding bush, and then three very weary and very hungry men climbed silently down from the tree and softly stole away toward home.

By mutual agreement the leader of the party was delegated to do the lying, and he solemnly assured the waiting crowd that not a pig had been seen, and that he had lost his lance in the sea while clambering over the rocks along the shore. So the tenderloin and their beguiler escaped the ordeal that had been prepared for them. But nobody had any fresh pig for supper.

Incidental to the Season.

There were several men on the train coming eastward from the Salt Lake region who told wonderful stories of the heat of the alkali plains. I noticed a contemptuous expression on the face of an old settler who was listening as if he didn't really believe all he had heard, and finally he took a turn in the conversation. Said he:

"Gentlemen, your talk is all child's play. Heat! I give you my word of honor that when my wife wants to boil eggs she just puts them into a pan of cold water on the roof, and in three minutes by the clock them eggs are boiled."

There was silence for a moment; then a thin voice piped out:

"Where does she get the cold water?"

Before this stunner could be disposed of, another man took a hand in the confab.

"Me and my wife don't keer for billed eggs—we prefer 'em baked. When my wife sets the table for breakfast she spreads out a row of eggs on the window sill, and in two jiffys they're baked ready to eat. The only trouble is they're likely to be overdone."

There was a spell of thinking; then a long, lean man with a caved-in chest said, in a whistling kind of voice:

"That's why I'm leaving the country."

"On account of the heat?" I suggested.

"Yes. Bein' naturally tender-hearted, I don't like to live where baked chickens walks around with the feathers on. That's all I have agin the climate. I never heard of but one place that was hotter."

That wound up the discussion, and the last speaker remained champion of the crowd.

The Postage Stamp Craze.

Those who do not keep track of the postage stamp collection craze can hardly realize how the "fad" runs away with a man's judgment. At a recent sale of rare postage stamps in London a single British Guinea stamp of 1856 brought \$250, and was considered cheap at that price. Some Russian stamps are so rare that they will command almost any price, and attempts are frequently made to forge them. The great collection of Philippe Ferrari, of Paris, contains a quarter of a million of stamps, and is thought to be worth about \$1,000,000. Mr. Philbrick recently sold his collection to M. Ferrari for \$50,000; and Sir David Cooper, the well-known Australian collector, has sold his fine collection to the same collector for \$15,000. The collection of the late Duchess de Golima is said to have cost nearly \$300,000, and the cost of the 3,000 volumes in which it is contained was about \$65,000. At the Paris mint there is a remarkable collection, while the Rothschild collection in Paris is of almost priceless value. Rare stamps sell at from \$100 to \$1,000, and the collectors keep a close watch on all the sales throughout the world in order to secure the specimens they desire. Altogether the craze represents a fictitious value of millions of dollars.

Nicknames of European Nations.

Englishmen have accepted the name of John Bull as suited to the national character. A Scotsman is Sandy; the Irishman derives his name of Paddy from his national patron saint; while an ancient nursery rhyme records that Taffy is a Welshman. English sailors call the Frenchman, in contempt, Johnny Crapaud; but in France he is Jacques Bonhomme, or, as a bourgeois, Monsieur Prudhomme. Cousin Michel is the name by which the German is known to the continental nations. Myneer Cosh, an abbreviation of Nicholas, sums up the Hollanders, who are often simply known as the Myneers, while the Swiss rejoices in the name of Colin Tampon. We have all heard of the Russian Bear and the Infidel Turk; but these are hardly real nicknames. Don Whiskerandos is almost a national nickname for the Spaniards, dating from Elizabethan times. Italians are known as Lazzaroni, and Danes are called Danskers.

Supervision of Mail Matter.

Uncle Sam's mails are not more sacred than the mails of Russia, as far as Government espionage is concerned. The rules of the postoffice department empower inspectors to open suspicious letters at discretion. The public appears to be very much astonished at this, but it is carried to a greater extent than those who know all about it suppose. "In fact," says a Government official, "under the rules of the postoffice department almost any private letter can be opened and read. This will surprise some people, but it is, nevertheless, true, and a reference to the private instructions to postoffice inspectors, which are in printed form, will convince anybody of it."

T. o. Vicious Horse.

The horse has no eyebrows, and if much white is visible in the eye itself it is a sure sign of a vicious nature.

Mery's Woodpile.

That witty Frenchman, Mery, was careless in his use of money, and was also inclined to be lazy. With characteristic originality he once attempted to utilize one falling as a restraint upon the other. His heroic scheme was not entirely successful, but he accepted his experience philosophically, and enjoyed telling the story. It happened that he had 4,000 francs in 40-franc pieces.

"Now," said he, "if I am economical I can pass a comfortable winter. But I am not economical; however, I have an idea. I think I can be careful about using this money."

He unlocked a large closet in his room and had the things taken out. Then he went to a dealer in firewood, and ordered two loads of the largest, heaviest blocks.

He had the blocks piled in the closet. Then he took his 40-franc pieces and dropped them in the cracks of the woodpile. "They are safe now," he said, with a smile of satisfaction as he locked the door.

Whenever he wanted a piece of money he had to pull out six or more of the great blocks of wood, and all went well for a time. One day he was absorbed in writing, when a beggar, who for some reason had been allowed to come to his door, entered and enlisted Mery's sympathies. With his usual generosity, Mery turned to the drawer where he kept his money. It was empty. Then he unlocked the closet.

To be true to his resolution to force himself to spend that money carefully, he should have attacked the woodpile himself; but his dislike for hard work betrayed him into a mistake.

"There are some gold-pieces in that woodpile," he said. "Get one for yourself, and while you are about it get some for me, for I shall be wanting some pretty soon." Then he went back into the next room to write.

For a long time Mery heard the man throwing the wood about. Finally he went to the door, thinking he must have found a good many gold-pieces by that time. He was right, as he found out afterward.

The rascal was flushed and breathless with his exertions. When he saw Mery he said: "I have only one gold-piece," and made his escape immediately. Mery glanced at the closet. The blocks were all in place. "The idiot re-piled the wood," he said, and went back to his writing.

Defies the Fire Fiend.

Recent foreign journals speak of a most remarkable fire extinguishing agent, the invention of a gentleman of Lucerne, Switzerland. This chemical compound is stated to be nine times more effective than ordinary water, and among its other qualities possesses the valuable faculty of rendering individuals virtually fireproof. A number of experiments have been made to prove its efficiency, and the Insurance News, of Manchester, England, says concerning the tests that the impunity with which the exhibitors approached masses of flame gave them almost the appearance of being in their natural element. When the hands are dipped in this solution, burning materials may be manipulated with perfect safety. The first experiment was supposed to represent the upsetting of a paraffine lamp, the oil flowing in a stream over the table cloth and immediately blazing up in a furious flame. By simply passing the hands wet with the solution over the burning cloth, this flame was speedily extinguished, although the table itself had caught fire, and the exhibitor appeared to be in no little danger.

In the next test a mass of pitch was ignited in a small pit and allowed to become thoroughly lighted, the smoke and flames rising up in volumes. The application of two buckets of the solution had an almost magical effect, the flames dying down at once, while not only the fire but even the heat arising therefrom entirely disappeared, the pitch becoming at once quite cold. The final experiment, which was considered the most efficient, as the fire was open and unconfined in every direction, consisted in extinguishing the flames in a wooden structure made of a mass of staves saturated with paraffine oil. When ignited, this combination gave forth an enormous volume of heat. To extinguish this a small hand engine holding about thirty gallons of the agent was employed, and as a result of a few strokes of the pump the flames were wholly subdued.

Is and Isn't.

To any one who does his thinking, talking and writing in a foreign language the English must be a queer one, says the New York Mercury.

A foreigner down on the Cunard dock yesterday, looking at the steam vessels coming and going hither and yon, said, "See what a flock of boats." Some one said that flock was wrong, that "fleet of boats" is the proper expression. Well, a lot of boats together would be a flock, a flock of sheep would be a bery, and a bevy of wolves is called a drove, and a drove of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of warriors is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of cattle is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a pack, and a pack of swans is called a whiteness, and a whiteness of geese is called a gaggle, and a gaggle of brant is called a gag, and a gag of ducks is called a team, and a team of pigeons is called a company, and a company of teal is called a trip, and a trip of snipe is called a whisp, and a whisp of herons is called a sedge, and a sedge of quail is called a flock, and a flock of larks is called an exaltation, and an exalta-

tion of peacocks is called a strut, and a strut of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of soldiers is called a corps, and a corps of sailors is called a crew, and a crew of pirates is called a band, and a band of bees is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of—but this is enough to show that the English language has a good many words that, while not exactly synonyms, can be applied to mean an aggregation of units.

Foolish Sheep.

A Colorado stockman says that sheep raising is unprofitable for the reason that no animal that walks on four legs is as big a fool as a sheep. Most animals can be relied on to aid the owner in saving their lives, but sheep seem to set deliberately to work to kill themselves. If caught in a storm on the plains they will drift before the wind, and die of cold and exposure rather than go a hundred yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. To drive sheep against the wind is absolutely impossible. I once lost over one thousand head because I could not drive them to a corral not a hundred feet away. In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up they all move "down wind" until stopped by the fence. Then they will climb over each other's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course all those at the bottom are smothered. Not one has sense enough to seek shelter under the lee of the fence, as a horse or dog would do.

Important in Baby-Feeding.

The following valuable suggestions are gathered from a society discussion reported in the Medical Advance:

Dr. Wesselhoft—A very important thing is the way the milk goes down into the child's stomach. The bottles are so constructed that the milk goes down too fast. Every child who sucks at the breast has to work for what it gets. One of the great troubles in artificial feeding is that the milk is cascaded into the stomach and immediately cascaded back again. Most of the sick babies are made so by some prepared stuff being cascaded into their stomachs in enormous quantities. Quantity is a great element in these disorders, and I have known too much food to make babies sick, even where the food was perfectly fresh milk.

Dr. Bigler—I generally tell the mother to put a piece of pure, clean sponge into the nipple, so that the child must work with its gums and lips to draw the milk, and thus obviate the too rapid flow.

Cuban Justice.

A gentleman from North Carolina, while making a tour of the island of Cuba, had his watch stolen on the street. In less than two hours a police judge had sentenced the thief to three years' imprisonment. He also awarded the North Carolinian \$23 damages for the injury sustained by his watch in the struggle for its possession, and ordered the convict to work it out.

Found \$20 in a Horse's Hoof.

Something out of the drift of events common is graciously furnished by the narrative of a blacksmith, plying his hammer and bellows on Chestnut street, near Thirtieth. The brawny son of Vulcan relates that while shoeing an indifferently constructed horse a few days ago he came across a gold double eagle imbedded in the hoof of the animal.—Philadelphia Record.

Coffee-Tea the New Beverage.

A new beverage called coffee-tea is announced. It is an infusion of leaves from the coffee plant exactly as tea is made from the leaf of the tea plant. The coffee leaves are dried, a pinch put in a pot, and with boiling water the coffee-tea is brewed. Until one tastes the decoction personal opinion should be suppressed. Frankly it doesn't sound nice, does it?

Blacksmiths Pull Teeth.

There is room apparently for a few dentists at Kula, India. A correspondent says that the surgeon-dentists there are the village blacksmiths, and their forceps are tongs two feet long. The difficulty with these instruments is twofold, firstly to get them into the sufferer's mouth, and secondly, to get them out again.

The Islands of the World.

There are about 100,000 islands, large and small, scattered over the oceans. This country alone has 5,500 around its coasts, there are 365 in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, 16,000 between Madagascar and India, and some 1,200 off the eastern coast of Australia, between its mainland and New Guinea.

His Tail Is His Barometer.

A pig's tail is said to unerringly indicate the condition of the animal. If it hangs loose it shows that the pig is not well, and that its food should be changed. If it be curled tightly the pig is healthy and happy.

English and French Guns.

Five great English warships are now declared to have guns which are unfit for service. These range from 110 to 67 tons. The French 75-ton guns, however, are said to be satisfactory.

Missouri boasts of a farmer politician who does his own farming. Such a character is unique in his day and generation.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Takes and Joke's that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Scissored Smiles.

"LEAST said soonest mended," said the doctor to the patient with a fractured jawbone.—Washington Star.

SAWYER—The proof of the pudding is in the eating. De Step—No, it isn't. It is in the digesting.—Tid-Bits.

THE nine parts of speech are wholly inadequate to the needs of the gentleman who stutters.—Binghamton Leader.

TO-MORROW never comes, but the bill collector who has a date with you then will get around on time.—Somerville Journal.

WHEN a baby is very homely its mother may see some resemblance between it and her husband's folks.—Acheson Globe.

"Oh, I had a bang-up time of it," as the man remarked who went up in a balloon which exploded.—Philadelphia Record.

WHEN a married man buttons his suspenders on eight-penny nails it is sure evidence that he has been disappointed in love.

AN Iowa man got drunk and stole a time-piece recently. The clock is still running and the man is also doing time.—Inter Ocean.

A DRUMMER who eloped with a Kansas City dining-room girl was arrested for stealing the table service.—Binghamton Republican.

CONDUCTOR—Your tickets, please! Tramp—Me face is me ticket, pardner. Conductor—All right; then I'll have to punch it!—New York Herald.

MRS. TOTLING—I'm going to make me a bath robe. Mrs. Dindling—Are you? Mrs. Totling—Yes; I have bought the loveliest piece of watered silk for the purpose.—Detroit Free Press.

A CHICAGO man recently saved his life by carrying a roll of \$100 bills inside his vest when a bullet came that way. Yet there are people who neglect so simple a precaution.—St. Paul Globe.

"WHAT do you think of that?" asked Twynn, as he and Triplet watched a mamma spanking a child. "It's the same old story." "What same old story?" "A woman at the bottom of it!"—Judge.

SMYTHE—I dropped a penny in front of a blind beggar to-day to see if he'd pick it up. Tompkins—Well, did he? Smythe—No; he said: "Make it sixpence, mister, and I'll forget myself."—Tid-Bits.

POMPOUS JUDGE—I hope you have much practice? Young Lawyer—Yes, I have, thank you. "I am glad to hear it. And in what branch is your practice mainly?" "Mainly in economy."—Texas Siftings.

SOME EXCUSE.—Yabsley—I am pained to see that the moon is getting full again. Mudge—If you had as much jimerow poetry fired at you as the moon has, you would get full yourself.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE WAITER—Beg pardon, sir, but—ahem! the gents here usually remember my services. The guest (scooping up all the change)—Do they? They ought to be more charitable and forget!—Chicago News.

MRS. STINGS—Last night you came home with a story of sitting up with a sick friend. Now, what excuse have you this time? Mr. Stings—To-night, my love, we (he) all gathered (hie) round his beer.—Inter Ocean.

EMPLOYER—"You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he comes in, didn't you?" Office Boy—"Yes, sir. I stuck a pin through it and put it on his office chair."—Harvard Lampoon.

LOOKING AHEAD.—Isaac—"Rebecca, let's get married right away quick." Rebecca—"What for you in such a hurry, Ike?" Isaac—"Der sooner we marries, der sooner comes der golden wedding, ain't it?"—Kate Field's Washington.

NERVOUS PASSENGER (on Southern railroad)—Conductor, why are we running at such a frightful rate of speed? Conductor (reassuringly)—"There is a rotten bridge, ma'am, about a mile ahead, and we want to get over it with as little strain as possible."—Brooklyn Life.

A FATHER was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son. "Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me." "What's the matter, pa?" "You ask so many foolish questions. I wasn't a big donkey when I was of your age." "No, pa, but you've growed a heap since."—Texas Siftings.

"Oh, Tom, the baby is so sweet! To-day he took off his shoe and threw it in the fire, and when I told him he was a bad, bad boy, he only said 'Nah.' " "Nah, eh? Well, what do you think I'm made of—money? That's the second pair he lost in a week." "Oh, no, dear; it was the mate of the one he tore to pieces." "Oh, that's different—ain't it?—Harper's Bazar.

"I DESIRE," said a young woman in a music store on Madison avenue, to purchase a piece of music for my little brother who plays the piano." "Here, Miss, is precisely what you want." "What is the name of it?" "The Maiden's Prayer, for 60 cents." "Only 50 cents? Why, he's further advanced than that, for last month he played a piece worth 75 cents. Haven't you something for \$1?"—Texas Siftings.



THE HOG DOES THE HUNTING.

writer took a memorable lesson in the art of baiting tenderloin—he himself occupying the unenviable position of one of the two strangers who furnished the sport for a crowd of hard-hearted sheep-sheers.

Years ago some one turned a band of hogs loose on this island. As is their nature, they increased and multiplied rapidly, and, free from the restraint of pen or corral, they rapidly became so wild that it was seldom they could be approached, while the boars became as fierce and warlike as the wildest animals.

With a companion equally unversed in the peculiar sports of the "old-timers," by whom fresh arrivals are taught the ways of the country, the writer paid a visit, once upon a time, to this island that has been near-

the brush denoted the presence of some hidden animal. It might have been a hog or a horse, but nothing was seen for upward of an hour after entering the canyon.

Finally a lovely glade was reached, carpeted with a deep, rich growth of grass, a brook rippling from the springs which broke from a low hill at one side and cascaded with an amphitheater of trees. A more peaceful, beautiful spot it would have been hard to find or even to imagine.

As the bold hunters advanced into the glade there was a sound of squealing and scurrying, and then a dozen or more youthful porkers hurried from the damp bog, where they had been rooting into the deep grass at the opposite side of the glade.

"Ce glade," shouted the lance bearer, "we've got 'em; we'll have some fresh pig for supper!"

All three hunters made a dash toward the tall grass in which the pig had disappeared, and then—

"Woof!"

The three enthusiastic pipstickers halted. Their interest in the game evaporated; their appetite for fresh pork departed; salt beef was plenty good enough for them.

Just in the edge of the brake stood a great boar, his eyes flashing angrily and his mouth opening and closing viciously. The hair on his back stood up in great spikes. His fore shoulders were so long that his head was apparently about three feet from the ground, while his hind quarters were not more than a foot in height. His horrible-looking head was almost as long as the remainder of his body, while wicked-looking tusks crossed each other on both sides of his jaws.

For a second he stood eying the intruders angrily. Then the frightened piglets gave another squeal, as if they saw the griffin in the distance.

"Woof!" snorted the boar, then made a sudden dash at the three men. He only had to cover a dozen feet of space, but at the sound of the second snort the hunters made a simultaneous and altogether unpremeditated break for the nearest trees. Happily there was an oak which sprang from a hillside at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and up the trunk of this friendly tree the men climbed in far less time than the proverbial three shakes of a lamb's tail. Even the pursuing boar himself had not time to untwist a single kink out of his caudal appendage while he was cover-



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ing the distance between his hair and the foot of the tree. When he saw how his disturbers had escaped him, how he did snort and rave! The lance had been dropped in the wild flight, and this his boarship espied, and with many a fierce grunt he quickly chewed it into matchwood. Then he looked up at his game in the tree, shook his head wickedly, gnashed his tusks and occasionally emitted another "Woof" that evinced his anxiety to hold a closer interview. But this anxiety was not reciprocated, and the gallant hunters comforted themselves as best they could and made up their minds to remain where they were until the boar became hungry or tired.

They had a long and weary wait of it, too, the only consolation being that the man who had originated the expedition



WILD BOARS.

tioned. Eight hours of misery, pure and unadulterated, were consumed in crossing the channel, from Santa Barbara. The means of conveyance was an ancient schooner, which had been utilized so long for the transportation of sheep and wool that each rope, each thread of each sail, each splinter of each plank was thoroughly saturated with the decidedly unpleasant odor that is inseparable from everything pertaining to the woolly quadrupeds. The cabin was stilling, the deck was damp, but between the two the latter was preferable; so, with a coil of rope for a pillow, disposed within convenient distance of the rail so that the urgent periods of communion with the vasty deep might not be delayed a second, eight horrible hours were passed. Finally Prisoners' harbor was reached, and two weary, pale-faced, wobegone, hollow-stomached men scrambled up the rude wharf and thanked heaven they were once more on solid ground. Their thanks, however, were tempered by the knowledge that their experience was certain to be repeated before they could hope to reach the point from which they had started in the morning.

But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. An hour's ride through a lovely canyon removed the traces of sea-sickness, and when the great central valley of the island was reached, with its prettily located ranch house, surrounded by garden and orchard, an appetite had been created that required a king conference at the table to satisfy.

Several days passed agreeably enough, and finally one evening while snoring the after-supper cigar and chatting about the various interesting features of the island, one of the old residents remarked that there were many wild hogs in the hills. This led the conversation in that direction, both tenderloins became interested and finally it was remarked in a casual way that the young wild hogs were first-rate eating, and that it was a comparatively easy matter to get a "mess of them." The visitors were eager for anything like sport and finally, with much apparent difficulty, the system of the residents was induced to promise a day's sport hunting the wild hogs.

Two or three days passed away and at last on Saturday night the visitors were informed that if the next day (Sunday) was pleasant the hunt should be undertaken.

The sun rose clear and bright, and after breakfast preparations were made for the hunt. The men employed about the ranch gathered around, and while the talk about the hogs was going on